



A NEW SONG IN PRAISE OF THE
CATHOLIC CHURCH OF KANTUR

Ye brilliant muses I Pray excuse me.

As I am intruding on your precious time
And sympathy in my stupid praises,

Of Kanturk Chapel & its tower sublime,
It is erected on a strong foundation,

By the Lord of Angels that rules on high
When he told Saint Peter he'd gain salvation,

And near forsake him til the end of time,

This holy temple is come down from Jesus,

And sure danger in great exile,

Her Bishops martyr'd & her priests ill treated

And forced to pray by the ditchside

But our Lord is merciful though trying our patience,

They are still more raising from time to time,

The gates of hell shall not prevail against it,

Our Lord foretold that told no lie,

In contemplating on its holy Alters

Commemorating Mount Calvary,

To speak with candor I was struck with wonder

When I fell to ponder on its sanctity,

The Sacred Chalice in the Tabernacle,

Where our Lord is offered for the world,

Where the soul is crucified with the holy sacrament

Our Lord has call'd it the bread of life,

The grand description the stain'd glass windows,

Are most amazing for to behold,

And the bells melodiously sounding daily,

To call'd the people to save their souls,

The splendid Organ constant in order,

Before the Altar is most complete,

With a choir of chapters to sing most charming,

Saying Gloria in Excelsis Deo,

It is in this standard there are holy stations

To show the faithful what our Lord went through,

Through which the sinner gets a relaxation,

If he sincerely his laws peruse,

As this holy Edifice is now completed,

And Consecrated by Gods command,

And on its lofty pinnacle is situated,

The Cross that Jesus died on for us all,

We should consider on its first foundation,

When her congregation by God was call'd,

When the keys of Heaven was bestowed on Peter,

For to absolve all who confess'd their faults.

Like Noah's Ark when it was completed

No one was save'd but within her hands,

The rest being infidels that worship'd Pagan,

The Lord resolved for to have them drown'd,

We feel indebted to our loving Clergy,

By their great exertions this pile was raised,

Father O'Regan is our noble leader,

His toil or labour he never spared,

Father Coleman is our loving pillar,

He is inviting those who are going astray

And Father McCarty is with them united,

Their congregations poor souls to save.

To make a comment on the grand interior,

I'm quite unable for to unfold,

My stupid faculties are frustrated,

I must conclude with another scroll,

The pallsiding to its interior,

Is most amazing for to behold,

And the splendid flooring is well completed,

To decorate this true christian fold.